



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





4064S

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are employed in the public sector has increased by 1.5 million, from 2.5 million in 1980 to 4 million in 1995. The public sector has become a major employer in the UK, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

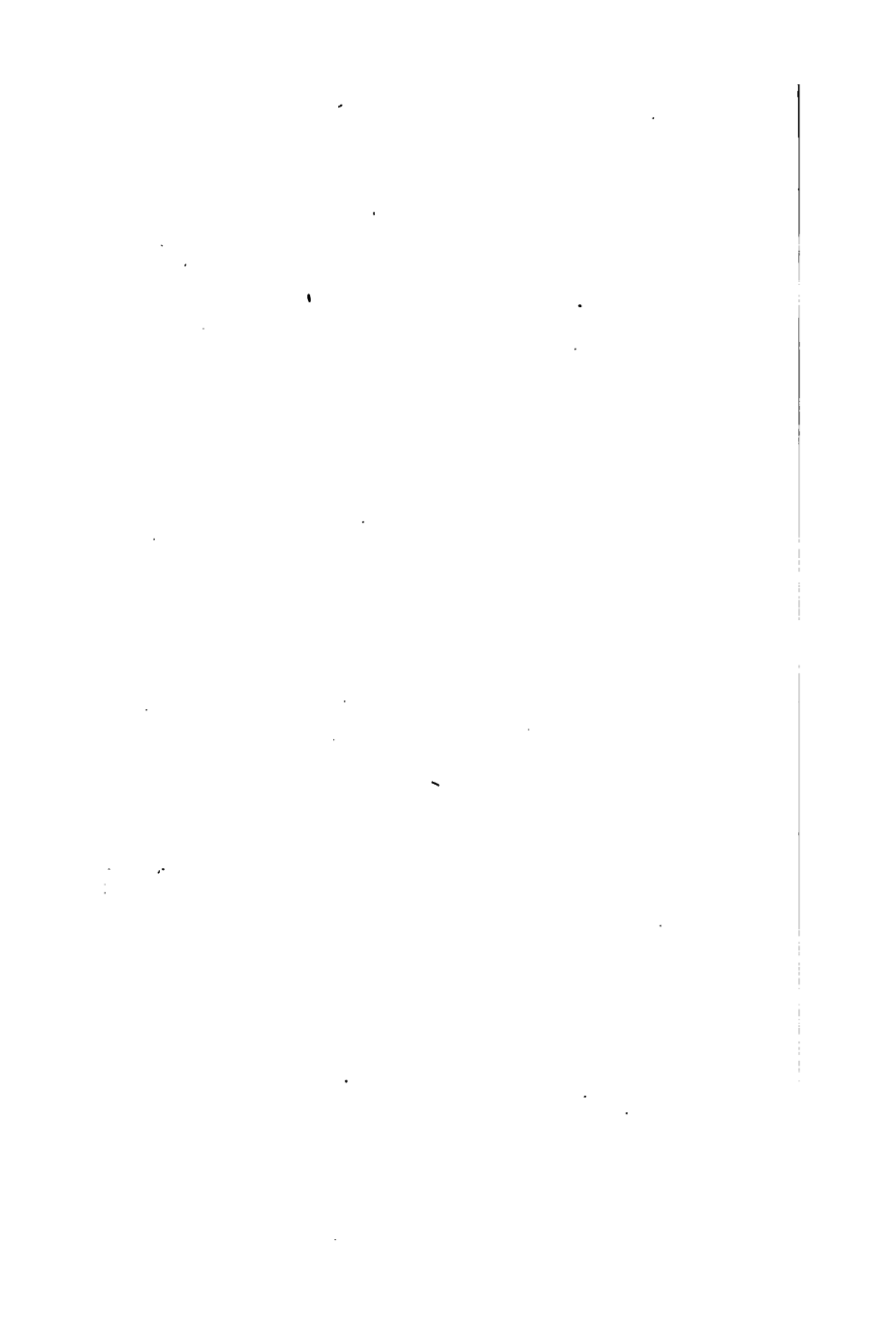
The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.

The public sector has also become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy. The public sector has become a major provider of social services, and its growth has been a key factor in the overall growth of the economy.



# A SHEAF OF VERSE.



A

# SHEAF OF VERSE.



BY

HENRY G. HEWLETT.

HENRY S. KING & Co., LONDON.

1877.

280 . 0 . 179 .



WODDERSPOON & SHAVE, Printers, 7, Serle Street, Lincoln's  
Inn, W.C.

## Dedication.

---

How tilled the soil, what seasons did betide  
Thought's grain or Fancy's, where they  
chanced to fall,

The world cares nought, but even-eyed to all,  
Takes as it finds the sheaf or casts aside.

The worth of aught he brings that doom to  
abide

The reaper cannot test, whose eyes recall,  
Bathed in a sunset-light memorial,  
Spring's eager germ and summer's bloom of  
pride :

But one there is who shared in loving part  
His earnest husbandry of blade and ear,  
To whom the harvest, howso poor, is dear ;  
And if the doubtful verdict of the mart  
Forbids it hope, it hath no cause for fear,  
Sure of its garner in her faithful heart.

*August, 1877.*



# CONTENTS.

---

## BALLADS :—

	PAGE
Zutphen Fight ... ..	3
The Gift ... ..	15
Alva's Ride ... ..	19
The Tower of Famine ... ..	27

---

## SONNETS :—

An English Year ... ..	
Proem ... ..	34
January ... ..	35
February ... ..	36
March ... ..	37
April ... ..	38
May ... ..	39
June ... ..	40
July ... ..	41
August ... ..	42
September ... ..	43
October ... ..	44
November ... ..	45
December ... ..	46
On the Riviera di Ponente ... ..	47
Nature and Ego ... ..	48

	PAGE
Colours ... ..	49
On a Drawing by Van Dyck ... ..	50
The Function of Art ... ..	51
Progress ... ..	52
The Party of Faith to the Party of Revolt ...	53
Crises ... ..	54
Moments ... ..	55
Mors Bifrons ... ..	56

---

 LYRICS, &c.:—

What the Nightingale said ... ..	58
To the South Wind ... ..	61
Snow-Fancies ... ..	64
The Chaunt of the Hills... ..	66
To Rome ! ... ..	72
The Grave of Keats ... ..	77
Shakespeare's Curse ... ..	79
Empedocles ... ..	88
Twenty-One ... ..	93
With Flowers ... ..	96
On St. Agnes' Eve ... ..	98
If ... ..	99
Cupid upon Coke... ..	103
From Naples to Pæstum... ..	105
The Banquet of Life ... ..	115
The Year and the Soul ... ..	118
Love and Jealousy ... ..	118
Compensation ... ..	119
Christmas in Charleston ... ..	119
Light and Knowledge ... ..	120
The Last Words of Aristotle ... ..	120

# CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
Quantum Sufficit ... ..	120
A Third Alternative ... ..	121
On the Heights ... ..	121
An Epitaph ... ..	122
Life and Death ... ..	123
On the South Downs ... ..	127
From a Death-bed ... ..	131
To Love ... ..	135

A few of the poems in this collection are reprinted, with some alteration, from a volume published anonymously in 1861, and a few others from the periodicals to which they were contributed : the greater number are published for the first time.





# BALLADS.





## ZUTPHEN FIGHT.

SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1586.

## I.

THE years were eight and twenty  
Of our great Lady's reign,  
When Leicester bade us follow,  
God knows we followed fain—  
To help the Dutchman break the yoke  
Of the cursed Philip of Spain.

We numbered scarce six thousand—  
Save Dutchmen—horse and foot ;  
But each had a heart to dare and a hand  
Withal to smite or shoot,  
And was well worth a brace of Spaniards,  
And a Frenchman or two to boot.

No leader for us but Leicester,  
Maugre the Jesuits' spite !  
Little their babbling moved us  
On whom the heartening sight  
Of his hawk's face and his foamy beard  
Gleamed i' the thick o' the fight.

No comrades dearer than Norris,  
Gentle though grim as a pall ;  
Stern Willoughby, fiery Essex,  
Will Russell brawny and tall,  
And gallant Sir Philip Sidney,  
The noblest knight o' them all.

We reaped good store of buffets  
Skirmishing up and down :  
By Axel's moat, at Doesburg's gates,  
We won our laurel crown ;  
But we prize no victory like defeat  
By the walls of Zutphen town.

A pleasant place in peace-time  
Is Zutphen town, I trow,  
As it sleeps with its quaint red gables  
Beside the Yssel's flow,  
Where market-boats with broad white sails  
Glide slowly to and fro.

But alack ! what tumult and ruin  
We wrought in the quiet land !  
We planted a bridge o'er the river,  
And a camp on either strand :  
The ruddy orchards and golden ricks  
We ravaged with axe and brand !

So making allies with Famine,  
Our cannon blared at the wall,  
And tidings came to Parma  
That shrewdly stirred his gall,  
How, stormed without and starved within,  
Zutphen must surely fall.

Then thro' the land for victual  
He foraged far and wide ;  
Loaded his wains, and summoned  
His motley army's pride,  
Spaniards, Epirotes, Lombards,  
To march as a guard beside.

There came into our trenches  
Two spies at close of day,  
With tidings that the convoy  
Ere then was on its way ;  
A thousand horse and foot, they swore,  
Ill harnessed for a fray.

Then Leicester called black Norris—  
“ To-morrow, say the spies,  
The convoy halts at Warnesfeld :  
Set on it at sunrise :  
An ambush of five hundred strong  
Will lightly snatch the prize.”

Now God on the knaves take vengeance  
Whose treachery made us mourn !  
Had we deemed the odds twice trebled,  
They bade us laugh to scorn,  
We had scarce let Sidney stake his life  
For waggons of beef and corn !

## II.

In the chill September morning  
The mist hung dense and grey,  
As 'neath the red-leaved coverts  
In ambuscade we lay,  
Silent to catch the distant sound  
Of the convoy on its way.

Three hundred marched with Stanley,  
Their pikes for onset dressed ;  
Two hundred rode with Norris,  
Swords drawn, and spears in rest :  
Never a bolder company  
Went forth of Death in quest !

The convoy-sounds grow nearer,  
Hoof-tramp and grinding wheel ;  
When hark ! thro' the mist behind us  
The clanging of friendly steel !  
'Tis a score of our noblest gallants  
Harnessed from head to heel !

Willoughby, Sidney, Essex ;  
North, who with wounds unhealed,  
Upspringing from his pallet  
When our last trumpet pealed,  
Now, " one boot on and one boot off,"  
Rides gaily to the field ;

Will Russell, Pelham, Audley,  
With heroes of their kind,  
Scenting the distant perfume  
Of battle on the wind,  
Jealous that Death should seek us first,  
Disdain to stay behind.

Scarce have we given them greeting

When the mist clears away :

Full sunlight breaks on the convoy-lines

Marshalled in battle-array ;

And lo ! three thousand fighting men

Stand in our path to-day !

Nigh twenty deep in the vanguard

The Spanish bowmen stride ;

Behind with brandished lances

The wild Epirotes ride ;

And Lombard pikes and muskets gleam

The rolling wains beside.

Swart Bentivoglio's stature,

Del Vasto's haughty mien,

Crescia's begemmed tiara,

Gonzaga's broidered sheen ;

Power and splendour, steel and gold,

Flash in our marvelling eyne.



Marvelling, ay ! and fearing :  
Down all our ranks in turn,  
Each reads his neighbour's eye in fear  
A faint heart to discern ;  
Then, reassured, upon the foe  
Settles content and stern.

Black Norris cries to Stanley,  
“ Henceforth let us forego  
Our ancient feud and make one cause  
Against our Sovereign's foe ! ”  
Then Stanley, “ If I fail thee now,  
May God requite me so ! ”

“ Strike for the Queen ! ” shouts Essex,  
“ Forward for England's sake ! ”  
A cry, a clatter of reins, a charge  
That makes the stout earth quake ;  
Then, all their dense lines rent in gaps,  
The Spanish bowmen break.

Death in each drop, a torrent  
The Lombard muskets rain,  
But aye our stalwart pikemen  
Their onward march sustain,  
That we recoiling for bare breath  
May lead the charge again.

Again we charge right forward,  
Bearing down man and horse;  
Essex ahead with axe in grip,  
Swayed by so fell a force,  
You may trace his wake at every stroke  
Marked by a Spanish corse.

Low in the fosse rolls Crescia,  
Unhorsed by Willoughby's spear,  
But rising to upyield his sword,  
Owneth nor shame nor fear,  
Knowing that honour and life are safe  
With an English cavalier.

Trailed in the dust to gleam no more  
Is the bravery Gonzaga wears ;  
Del Vasto's pride from a trooper's pike  
Only a sword-cut spares ;  
No memory grimmer than to-day's  
Grim Bentivoglio bears.

The might of English thews till now  
Never a Spaniard wist ;  
How Russell's arm like a millstone grinds  
With steel and bone for grist ;  
How deadly is the dexterous fence  
Of Sidney's matchless wrist.

But banded onsets have no strength,  
And single arms no weight,  
To hold the convoy in its course  
Forward to Zutphen's gate,  
Whereat a fearful famished crew  
Its coming doth await.

Vainly in one last charge we try  
To stem the battle's tide :  
The surge of numbers still sweeps on . . . .  
Ah ! that we had not tried !  
For England lost in that last charge  
The marvel of her pride.

Sidney, as ever, first o' the van,  
Latest to quit the field,  
Struck by a gunshot on the limb  
He had disdained to shield,  
Lest one dear friend risk more than he,\*  
There from the saddle reeled.

Borne tentwards, he with lips aflame  
For water, craved a draught ;  
But halting where a trooper lay  
Pierced with a Lombard shaft,  
Bethought the wistful dying eyes  
Reproached him ere he quaffed.

---

\* Sir William Pelham : Vide Greville's Life of Sidney.

"Thy need than mine is greater :  
    Drink, friend ! " the hero said ;  
Then having pledged his fellow in death,  
    Passed onward, where the bed  
Of pain awhile detained him. God  
    Released him and he fled.

Thus did we lose at Zutphen  
    Our bravest and our best ;  
But if against Spain and the Devil  
    God on us lay his hest  
To spare a hundred Sidneys more,  
    England will stand the test.

1868.



## THE GIFT.

## I.

ON an April morn the hooded sky  
Drooped with a fringe of rain  
O'er the trysting-place of two who met  
As never to meet again :  
She was calm with the strength of pride,  
And he was flushed with pain.

"You cannot restore my love, my troth ;  
But, if it must be so,  
I set you free from a bond to pay  
Love that you will not owe :  
Yet, for its memory, one last gift  
Spare me, before I go !"

Scarce could the mask of coldness hide  
Her bosom's tremulous swell,  
Yet in a voice as if one tolled  
Knells from a marriage-bell,  
"I have nothing to give," her answer came,  
"Have we not said farewell ?"

## II.

April's violet, June's red rose,  
And the sheaf of August wane :  
Will the lapsing year for ever lack  
That record in his strain  
Her violet eyes, her rosy mouth,  
Her golden hair did gain ?

Gain ! Ah ! Gain is an anchorite,  
And Loss an alchemist :  
Love, we say, is common and cheap,  
We have it when we list :  
But when the dull blue pebble is dropt,  
Bewail the amethyst.

" Surely," she thinks, " he tarries in trust  
His worth may grow with time :  
Am I not glad to miss the round  
Of jewel and flower and rhyme ?  
Yet it is strange how memory harps  
On the oldest, weariest chime."

The snowdrops bloom ere the winter dies :

Her cheek is pale as they.

"Fevered nigh unto death," she reads,

A month ago he lay :

Haply Scutari's cypress-boughs

Shadow his grave to-day."

And ever a bell in her throbbing brain

Measures the rise and fall

Of her musical, pitiless, parting words,

Uttered beyond recall,

"Nothing to give ! O God !" she cries,

"Would I not give him all !"

"Count me," she writes, "unworthy grief !

With all thy manhood strive

To loathe me as I loathe myself :

I dare not say, forgive :

I would yield my hope of Heaven's grace

To know that thou dost live !"



## III.

Where they parted, again they meet,  
With an April sun o'erhead :  
And she is flushed, and he is calm,  
Though pain and pride are fled ;  
Calm that the chalice of life is full,  
Flushed that its wine is red.

Then, as the sound of her parting words  
Season and scene recall,  
Soft on his ear and deep in his heart,  
Her whispered accents fall,  
" Still I have nothing to give, dear love,  
Now I have given thee all ! "

1858.



## ALVA'S RIDE.

(1530).

Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," II., 104.

## I.

*"Life of my life ! This token  
 Drops from the hand of death :  
 All earthly ties are broken  
 Save that which links our faith.*

*"Seas part us, and time stealeth ;  
 Yet, answering to my moan,  
 Love's oracle revealeth  
 I shall not die alone.*

*"Smitten with ruth for lovers,  
 Robbed of the farewell kiss,  
 Death's angel, while he hovers,  
 Whispers—' Abide for this ! ' "*

By a Hungarian watch-fire,  
From his bride's bower in Spain,  
Heard the young Duke of Alva  
The cry of passion and pain.

Uprising in grim silence,  
He strode to the Kaiser's tent,  
Crushing within clenched fingers  
The letter as he went.

"What omen, boy, hath scared thee?"  
The wondering Kaiser cried:  
"Brings that unwelcome missive  
News of a faithless bride?"

"Faithful to death," he answered—  
"My liege, her latest sighs:  
Grant me of Heaven's dear mercy,  
One farewell ere she dies!"

The Kaiser's brow twitched keenly—  
"My son, hast yet to learn  
What bride did first embrace thee  
With kisses cold and stern?"

"Are there no hearts beside thee  
That mourn their loved and lost ;  
And will the soldier tarry  
Whose captain quits his post ?

"Not alway rust will gather  
As now on spear and shield :  
In eighteen days, our spies aver,  
Solyman takes the field.

"The battle-day may find us  
Matched but as six to ten ;  
Our Fontarabian hero's arm  
Were worth a legion then."

Swiftly came Alva's answer—  
"Ere seventeen suns have set  
I will return or, failing,  
Pay with my life the debt."

Sadly the Kaiser eyed him—  
"The saints thy wits restore !  
Go rest—thy grief distracts thee—  
Be 't as thou wilt—no more !"

## II.

One stride to tent and coffer,  
One leap to saddle and spur ;  
Spain is ten leagues the nearer,  
Or ere the camp's astir.

Never his Arab courser  
Stood yet in need or dread  
Of the loaded thong and the barbed heel,  
Wherewith her flanks are red.

But he would lash the lightning,  
And spur the Western wind,  
Who has love and death before him,  
Honour and life behind.

A third day's sun shall wester,  
Nor Fleetfoot's sinews fail,  
While there are Danube shallows to ford,  
Slavonian heights to scale :

But on the treacherous marish,  
In the half-glimmer of day,  
That surging heart doth gasp in vain,  
Those straining knees give way.

There must the good steed founder :  
Faint heart and flagging thew  
Hinder not him whose instant gold  
Can shift the saddle anew.

That saddle needs must serve him  
For board and bed beside ;  
Slumber and food may come or go  
His work is still to ride.

By day the upland shepherd,  
Watching his headlong race,  
Wonders if Devil or Kaiser drives  
Him who thus speeds apace.

By night the forest peasant,  
Hearing his thundering strides,  
Hugs her babe close and whispers low,  
" 'Tis the Wild Huntsman rides ! "

Onward by town and hamlet,  
River and wood and hill,  
Plains where the sun strikes fiercely,  
Heights where the snow lies still :

Piercing Croatian forests,  
He fords the Save's bed,  
And marks from scarpéd Julian cliffs  
The Illyrian champaign spread.

To northward, blue mist softens  
The Tyrol's steep defiles;  
To southward, rise from Adria's waves  
Venice's towered isles :

But Spain and love lie westward,  
And with the sun for guide,  
Swifter than he, 'twixt Alps and sea,  
Alva is set to ride.

By storied Lombard cities,  
By leagues of bounteous plain;  
Winepresses brimmed, and market squares  
Heaped up with yellow grain;

By the cornice-hewn Riviera,  
Whose mountain-crests of snow  
Look down on slopes of tropic green,  
And a South-sea blue below.

By the long Provencal ridgeway,  
Above the Midland foam,  
To the pine-clad Pyrenean chain  
That bars his entrance home.

He mounts—the horizon falling ;  
There from the lowlands rise  
Avila's towers where, tranced in calm,  
Enriquez pulseless lies :

Pulseless, but as the chambers  
With his loud footfalls ring,  
Her bosom heaves—she starts wide-armed—  
Her lips in rapture cling !

Rapture that on Death's threshold  
Arrests the fluttering soul,  
Floods back the ebbing current of force,  
And makes the dying whole.

## III.

Redly on tent and pennon  
A seventeenth sunset burns,  
As from an idle sortie  
Campward the Kaiser turns.



One empty tent will stir him  
To wonted wrath,--but now  
Alva in front greets frown and stare  
Gravely, with hand to brow!

1873.



## THE TOWER OF FAMINE.

## I.

WHERE the stormy sea of the Eastern Alps  
Breaks on the Lombard strand,  
On a limestone crest the ruined walls  
Of a grim grey castle stand,  
Which an ancient story of human woe  
Hath scored with a deathless brand.

Over the vale the castled crag  
Hung like a lifted mace :  
Hard as the rock in heart and mien  
Its lord, Sir Fortibrace,  
And gentle as that vale the soul  
Which shone in Gertrude's face.

Ten years a-wed, Sir Fortibrace  
Was yet a childless man ;  
And vassals muttered praise to the saints  
That with him died his clan ;  
But Gertrude prayed the Mother of God  
To take away her ban.

One morn she felt that a muffled life  
Beneath her bosom wrought ;  
Lowly she thanked the Love whose power  
Granted the boon she sought ;  
Then, trembling, to Sir Fortibrace  
Her tender tidings brought.

Rough answer made her moody lord—  
“ It happeth well for thee !  
I am vowed to a year-long quest of arms  
Beyond the eastern sea,  
And thou wilt have need of thy promised  
babe  
To bear thee company.

“ God knows my vassals love me not ;  
Savage and bold are they ;  
So tarry within the castle walls,  
I charge thee, come what may !  
There is victual enow for mistress and maid,  
Tho’ I linger a year and a day.”

He spake with his hand on the saddle-bow:

“Farewell!” and he was gone.

Adown the vale, 'mid the gloom o' the  
pines,

His glittering morion shone,

And the lady with one little maid

In the castle dwelt alone.

Anon her blue-eyed babe was born,

Her desolate hearth to cheer;

And the year fled fast in the light of its  
smiles,

And the lady knew no fear.

But the victual stored in the castle-vaults

Fled faster than the year.

The victual waned, the lady paled,

The maiden's heart 'gan fail;

And the peasants without, had they cared  
to list,

Could never have heard their wail;

For the winds of winter roared in the pines

And a snow-drift filled the vale.

The maiden drooped, the lady wanned,  
And the baby pined away :  
Then the lady bade the maiden depart,  
But the maiden prayed to stay :  
And both at the turret-window sat,  
Watching the weary day.

The babe and the maiden pined and died ;  
But the lady shed no tear :  
She laid them to rest in the castle-crypt,  
And said, " The end is near :  
But my lord, tho' he linger a year and a day,  
Shall find me watching here."

The south wind sang, and the valley  
laughed  
With crocus purple and white :  
The peasants looked up to the silent tower  
And marvelled at the sight  
Of the lady's face through the lattice-bars  
That moved not day nor night.

## II.

A May sun gilds the grass-grown walls  
Of his ancient dwelling-place,  
As from his year-long quest of arms  
Rides back Sir Fortibrace,  
And gentle thoughts of his lady rise  
At sight of her watching face.

Her face doth watch, but her hand doth  
wave

No answer to his own :

He climbs the turret—he shouts her name,

But the shout dies out in a groan—

For the cheek he kisses, the hand he clasps,

Have stiffened into stone !

O love ! O faith ! supremest pledge

Of Heaven since Time began !

Gabriel will sheathe his flaming sword,

And cancel Eden's ban,

When all hearts are as loyal to God

As some have been to Man !

1

2

SONNETS.



## AN ENGLISH YEAR.

## PROEM.

NATURE, to him who lowly worshipping,  
And craveth entrance with a patient eye  
Into her holy place, will not deny  
A single mystery, save that test of faith  
Which none interprets on this side of death.  
But what she may not solve she dares defy:  
Beauty, of all her dearest mystery,  
Is bared for ever. March's chillest breath  
Dries not in Spring's green veins the life-  
blood flow;  
Discords of storm in July's gracious air  
Heighten the tune; October's golden hair  
Wears mists for crowns; December smiles  
in snow  
'Neath brows of midnight. When a face is  
fair,  
Freckles are notes o' the sun the place to  
know.

## JANUARY.

How like a human birth the waking hour  
Of the child-year ! The weak and querulous gale  
'Mid tears of rain doth lift a kindred wail :  
Blankly the sun's eye stares : the air doth lower  
Dense as a listless ear. Beneath a shower  
Of snow fresh-fallen, those branches white  
and frail  
As new-born limbs lie prone, with only power  
Given to endure, what wind soe'er prevail.  
The baby-lips that pout their hungering  
Do not more wistfully the nurse invite  
Than every spiral leaf-bud yearns for Spring :  
And as the young blue eyes wax deep and  
bright  
While the soul greatens, so the growing  
light  
Widens by morn and eve its azure ring.

## FEBRUARY.

As one who ere his manly frame be knit,  
Meets a death-angel on its wingéd way,  
Who grips him in its hand as if to slay,  
And till his wasted limbs are all unfit  
To climb the steep world, will not set him quit,  
The Spring-child fares, when Winter, whose  
grim day  
Is well-nigh done, descries him for its prey.  
The new blade withers, by its anger smit ;  
The sap recoils. But youth itself retrieves.  
The sallow cheek grows clear ; the blue eye  
cleaves  
Its filmy prison ; the pulse, erewhile so frail,  
Leaps high. So now, in snow-drops pure and  
pale  
Breaks the sere grass ; the violet rends her  
veil ;  
In green or crimson buds the tree's heart  
heaves.

## MARCH.

THE stripling doomed by Fortune to forego  
Hope of fair increase 'neath his native sky,  
To a clime beyond the sea alone doth hie,  
There in the wilderness doth delve and sow,  
Hew down and build. But no self-centred  
eye

Sparkles like his to mark that roof-tree grow  
He sees afar one waiting for his cry—  
“Hasten, belovéd ! that the hearth may  
glow !”

Thus doth rough March sweet April pioneer :  
Expelled from either heaven his wind-wings  
speed

Across the seas to our remotest sphere ;  
For her he breaks the glebe, enroots the  
seed,

And builds the green tree while he fells the  
sere ;

Her human smiles and tears his richest  
meed.

## APRIL.

As a fair girl whom many lovers woo,  
Accords to all without a conscious choice  
One gracious response, which her varying  
voice

Clothes for each happy ear with meaning new,  
She whom at April's trysting-tide we sue,  
The Spring makes answer, and our hearts  
rejoice.

To one her blushing beauty dawns in view  
With the first almond's bud. I' the swal-  
low's poise

One sees her, or the mole's up-stirring feet :  
Some find their surety in her mantle flung  
To fringe the elm and overspread the wheat :  
Some wait to hear the cuckoo's plain-song  
sung,

Or doubt, till one rare throat bewails the  
tongue

By whose lost sweetness it has grown so sweet.

## MAY.

THE earth can, like the soul, but once be wed.

The sun, howe'er his love may, slacken or  
stray,

In March woos hotly, wearies of delay  
Ere fitful April's budding-time be sped,  
And claims his bridal blossom-time in May.

The sacred rites bird-voices overhead

Acclaim in antiphon from dawn of day :  
And for the drapery of the spousal bed

The beech brings leaflets fresh from downy  
sheaths ;

There spreads the oak its cool green light,  
and here

The elm its cool green shadow ; far and near

The apple flushes and the white-thorn  
breathes.

Such close embraces passion never wreathes  
As those that pledge the promise of the year.

## JUNE.

AN English wife, whose passage o'er the line  
That seyers maid from matron leaves its  
trace

In wiser innocence and chastened grace;  
With queenly eyes, love-loyal, frank, benign,  
That warm unheating, and unglittering shine;

A touch of cool bright colour on her face,  
A shape that curves part hide and part define;—  
Figures our June, the summer's resting-  
place.

Promise is perfected without excess;  
The leaf fulfilled, the flower not overblown;  
The beams of noontide in this kindly zone  
Bless and burn not; half-tints of pink and  
pearl

Shimmer from wildrose-cluster, woodbine-  
whorl;—  
The wavy woods are dim for leafiness.

## JULY.

AN Eastern mistress whom her lord doth keep,  
Dark-tressed, rose-cheeked, in blissful indolence,

With languorous eyes and low-voiced blandishments

So veils her passion that it seems asleep ;  
But hid from sight the fountain lieth deep,  
Fed to the full by all the rills of sense,  
And if unloosed 'twill flood its frail defence,  
One stormy moment in a torrent sweep,  
Then sink as still as tho' 't had slept for aye.

Thus with July, the summer's leman-love :  
Rose-gardens glow ; the green of field and grove  
Is swarthy-bright. What hoarded fire the day

Hides 'neath those slumb'rous clouds ! A touch  
will move

Their calm to rage ; a flash ! they





## AUGUST.

NATURE and Art by kindred stages rise,  
Ere ripening unto fruitage. Art in youth  
Seeks Beauty, then abandons her for Truth,  
But the glad wisdom of its age outvies  
Its brightest morning-dream. The pledge  
was sooth  
Of budding colour given 'neath April skies,  
Though July's sombre woods and verdurous  
drouth  
Seemed to disown it, and our craving eyes  
Now taste fulfilment. From the utmost  
leaves  
Whereon the chestnut first its chrism re-  
ceives,  
Fire through the landscape spreads by wood  
and wold;  
Compressed in scarlet berries and unrolled  
O'er purple heaths, aflame in wheaten  
sheaves,  
Molten in silver barley and oaten gold.

## SEPTEMBER.

THOUGH cradled 'neath the greysky's brooding  
wings,

O month of summer twilight! dost thou  
soon

Win bright regards o' the sun enthroned at  
noon,

And glimpses how his western palace flings

Its jasper portals wide when he unkins

Himself of half the world. Thy birth-right  
boon

Is light and shade; on fields where oats  
have strewn

Pale gold, aisled gardens where the hop-bine  
clings

With clustered flower and tendril golden-  
green,

Or orchards streaked with rose; the darken-  
ing sheen

Of fruitful oak-boughs, or where hazels lift

Brown banks to let the partridge hide un-  
seen :

Calm closed in tumult, born of winds that shift  
From pole to tropic and torn clouds adrift.

## OCTOBER.

EDGES of stormy dawn and murky night

Trespassing harshly on his mellow hours,

October plucks the present while it flowers,

And revels as a splendid Sybarite.

What tho' his noontide wear the yellow light

Of sunset, hinting of the doom that lowers,

He recks not: now astride the west wind

scours

Blue steppes of air; now, languid with delight,

Reclines in violet haze; flings silver rime

To the gossamer, bead-coral to the thorns,

And showers on tree and fern his ruddy gold.

But as pards couch until the herded horns


Slant valewards, Winter lets him pass his

prime,

Then springs and hales him to the caves of Cold.

## NOVEMBER.

LIKE a young novice forced the world to shun  
And don white weeds, November day by day  
With a mist-mantle doth her face o'erlay  
And lurk in exile from the joyous sun :  
Yet, as in musing on the name of nun,  
The maiden's mind recoils and soars away  
In dreams of radiant hope, which one by one  
Fleeting in tears, she turns to fast and pray ;  
So will the month some precious hours retain  
Of crimson, russet, golden light to stain  
Her beeches, oaks and elms, but fills the  
room  
Of that fair pageant with dissolving rain.  
Nun-like at last, she garbs herself in gloom  
And takes the stern vows of a wintry door



## DECEMBER.

AN old man's life, dim, colourless and cold,  
Is like the earth and sky December shows.  
The barest joys of sense are all he knows :  
Hope that erewhile made their fruition bold,  
Now soars beyond. If one sun-glint of gold,  
Rifts in the dense grey firmament disclose,  
Earth has enough. 'Mid purple mist up-  
throws  
The birch her silver spears ; the larch may hold  
With fragile needles yet its amber cone,  
Tho' other trees be dark : the pine alone,  
Like memory, lingers green, till over all,  
Death-like, the snow doth cast its gentle pall.  
Child-month and Mother-year in death are  
one :  
The winds of midnight moan memorial.

## ON THE RIVIERA DI PONENTE.

(EARLY MORNING.)

RIVALS in beauty, who shall bear the prize?  
 These mountains, like to creeds, which  
     tho' they wear  
 Earth's veil of mists are clear in heaven's  
     blue air :  
 Aurora's rosy footfall as she hies  
 Over the snowfields while the vapour flies :  
     That sea, wherein ten thousand Nereids fair  
     Transfuse to line and tint their drifted hair,  
 Smooth rippling limbs and gleaming violet  
     eyes :  
 Those orange slopes which flow with silver  
     and gold :  
 This alien palm, whose trembling branches  
     sigh  
 Eastward with Phosphor : or Mentone's eye  
 Sparkling 'neath olive-lashes ? Let them call  
     Yon rising sun for arbiter : Behold  
 Their claims are equal, and he crowns  
     them all !

## NATURE AND EGO.

How often hastening whither Nature draws,  
When parched with self's hot wine our spirits  
yearn

For her fresh fount, unsated we return !  
Lurks not within our consciousness the cause ?  
Either we void the chalice without a pause  
For her to fill, or bring it to her urn

So soiled with lees we cannot now discern  
The stream's pure savour. Students of her  
laws

Are happier, e'en the blindest, upon whom,  
In that they have the aim of loyal seers,  
The God may dawn they seek not to espy,  
Than they, Narcissus-like, whose fancy peers  
For cosmic types of their own joy and  
gloom :

Sick with self-love, what marvel if they die !

## COLOURS.

NOR idly deemed the Evangelists of Art,  
 Whose toil, God-moved, has made the  
     Italian clime  
 The Holy-land of painting for all time,  
 That colours have a voice and touch the heart.  
 In all we feel or think they bear a part.  
     Who knows not red, love's emblem? how  
         sublime  
     Its trumpet's pealing in our human chime;  
 Blue, which to space the light-struck motes  
         impart,  
     To knowledge vowed and hope's horizon far;  
 Pink, Nature's type of promise and decay,  
 The daisy's dawn, the sunset of the may;  
     Life, green; death, purple; yellow, like a  
         star,  
     For glory; white, as saints and maidens are.  
 This is the alphabet of all they say.



## ON A DRAWING BY VAN DYCK.

DARE I interpret with a wingless pen  
What purpose swayed the Master when he  
drew  
This company of gazers ? At one view  
How better symbolize the world of men !  
Toward life's great mystery our fellow's ken  
Is unlike ours. No earnest souls eschew  
The quest as wholly vain, and some pursue  
With eyes that ever foiled are lured again.  
Some stare dumbfounded : one who cares  
not seek,  
Or feigns he can discover an he list,  
Turns with a shallow laugh and mocking nod :  
One look is sad and stern ; one sad and meek.  
While above all the sweet grave face of Christ,  
With inward gaze far-drawn, contemplates  
God.

## THE FUNCTION OF ART.

YE who love Art, be jealous of her name !  
 Man's gentlest, noblest instrument of force,  
 And swiftest stream of spirit-intercourse,  
 How oft by wantons is she put to shame,  
 Who mouth her beauty and degrade her aim.  
 Her current, tortured by its wilful source,  
 Unheeding if the bed be fine or coarse,  
 Seeks the first channel which the sea of Fame  
 Consents to harbour. Is she meet to drain  
 As a foul sluice the draught-house and the  
     stew,  
 And spread their poison ? Tasks more pure  
     and plain  
 Beseem her : thought-exhaled to drop as dew ;  
 Drawn by love's heat as mist to fall in rain ;  
 Link Earth and Heaven in endless interview.

## PROGRESS.

INSECT and reptile, fish and bird and beast,  
 Cast their worn robes aside fresh robes to don ;  
 Tree, flower and moss put new year's rai-  
 ment on ;  
 Each natural type, the greatest as the least,  
 Renews its vesture when the use hath ceased.  
 How should man's spirit keep in unison  
 With the world's law of outgrowth, save it  
 won  
 New robes and ampler as its girth increased ?  
 Quit shrunken creed, and dwarfed philo-  
 sophy !  
 Let gently die an art's decaying fire !  
 Work on the ancient lines, but yet be free  
 To leave and frame anew, if God inspire !  
 The planets change their surface as they roll :  
 The force that binds the spheres must bind  
 the soul.

THE PARTY OF FAITH TO THE  
PARTY OF REVOLT.

SONS of our mother-past, in vain ye seek  
 To disavow your kinship ! Thews and veins,  
 Eyes, lips alike betray, and mock your pains.  
 From ancient battle-fields of Jew and Greek  
 Your swords of logic gat their rusty stains.  
 Two thousand years since, Jewry heard him  
     speak  
 Whose accents now, amid your fiercest shriek  
 For vengeance, flow in gentle under-strains.  
 The far horizon of your yearning ken,  
 Was it not his—the undivided sway  
 Of Love and Freedom ? Are ye alien  
 Who use our very old-world speech to-day ?  
 Nay, by these tokens, brethren ! Ah ! till when  
 Sundered must each band go its several  
     way ?

## CRISES.

MOMENTS there are in life for every man

That crown or whelm, condemn or conse-  
crate;

Moments that fix the wavering scales of Fate,  
And turn the poise to benison or ban.

Beneath the hour's supreme meridian

A watchful eye may note the stilted great  
Shrink to a dwarf, the minion's thews dilate,  
And by its shade the spirit's height may span.

One finds the test-hour soon : a wave of force  
Crests his high life, and scored henceforth  
in act,

The tide-mark shames his courage if it ebb.

One, pure in death, redeems a sullied course,  
Like a slow stream that drags its filthy web

Of scum to fling it at the cataract.

## MOMENTS.

If life be ever perfect, if the arc  
 Of being can project the possible sphere,  
 'Tis but in moments, ah, how rare, how  
 dear !  
 Passion's first rapture when the electric spark  
 Frees the charged sense : the spell that holds  
 the ear  
 When one low flute-breath from the balmy  
 dark  
 Of lilac tells May's nightingale anear :  
 Visions of light ; those flashing throbs that  
 mark  
 The instant dawn ; a sunset's jasper lake :  
 Some vast concord of tone, or tint, or line :  
 A great thought's heat : love's image as a  
 star  
 In a maid's breast : self-death for conscience'  
 sake :  
 Utter absorption in the Will Divine :—  
 Sum up all these, and Heaven were not so far.

## MORS BIFRONS.

FEIGNED they not well, the poet-priests of  
Greece

Who marked by sex the twin regards of  
death?

'Tis ours, poor heritors of mortal breath,  
To choose the swart king's gloom, the pale  
queen's peace.

The night-black eyes and brows of Aïdes  
Not cravens only fear. The stoutest faith  
Of loyal hearts which true love hearteneth  
May not confront a doom that bids love cease  
Without a qualm. But, ere the Stygian tide  
Be crossed, far off the loving and forlorn  
Have visions of Persephone soft-eyed,  
White-browed, with flowers of Enna in her  
hair,  
And dream, 'mid fields of amaranth as fair  
She yet will link the ties that Fate hath  
shorn.

LYRICS, &c.



## WHAT THE NIGHTINGALE SAID.

WITHIN my garden, on an April night,  
I said: "O bird upon the chestnut spray!  
In ever singing why dost thou delight?"  
And freighted with this answer flowed his  
lay.

"Ask of the poet by what impulse moved  
His passion rises to the pitch of art?  
Not thirst for power; no yearning to be loved:  
He craves but liberty of voice and heart.

"Why do I sing? From love's delirious want,  
Frenzy to give its ecstasy a tongue,  
I waste myself in travail, sob and pant,  
Content to die, if only I have sung.

“ Why? but for him who dares deliver his soul,  
To magnify his office; point the height  
At which the partial merges in the whole,  
Self is abandoned, Fame dissolves from sight.

“ Why? but for him to mirror the artist-type,  
Master of all the organ-stops of Man;  
To draw the spirit thro’ one low-breathing  
pipe,  
By flying chords the passion-scale to span.

“ Why? but interpret in one mingled strain  
Night’s motley pageant; there, the Alpine-  
heights  
Of space, star-crested; here, the shadowy reign  
Of mad moth-dreams, bat-dances, phantom-  
lights.

“ To make articulate to the ear of Man  
One mystery that transcends his range of  
law;  
Redeem life’s holiest moments from his ban,  
And touch the wandering bacchanal with  
awe.

"To mark the worth of that which is not  
bought,

Nor can be earned; for merchant-souls to  
leaven

One fragment reft from Mammon with the  
thought

Of naked Art, of free unmerited Heaven.

Therefore I sing, when Earth's new-year is  
come,

Above my peers thro' each broad lapse of  
light;

Therefore I sing when all my peers are dumb,  
Adown the balmy watches of the night."

1869.



## TO THE SOUTH WIND.

FROM the long-sealéd mouth  
Of thine Æolian cave,  
O'er the Atlantic wave  
Breathe, O wind of the South !

Come with a burden of rain  
Borne on grey cloud-wings low,  
The arrows that storm foreshow,  
Or heavens without a stain !

Come ! for the land doth sigh :  
Still the smooth-shouldered down  
Is robed in wint'ry brown,  
The glebe is riven and dry.

Thine absence doth withhold  
Life's wellsprings at their source ;  
Even the generous gorse  
Is chary of his gold.

Spring loiters for thy sake :

The beech will not unfurl

Her sheeny spires ; his curl

Unwindeth not the brake.

And though the season keeps

An immemorial pledge

Where the palm in every hedge

Its golden pollen weeps ;

For thee the violet's eye

Shutteth its dark lids close ;

Her haunts the lush primrose

Is loth to glorify.

And though from fallow and lea

The lark doth well to its height,

A fountain of songful flight,

And murmur beetle and bee ;

No cuckoo-voice cries hail

That May is a morrow old,

And the passion is all untold

Of the poet-nightingale.

Oh ! enter, Queen of the Spring !  
With floating pennons of corn,  
Drapery strewn by the thorn,  
And peals that the blue bells ring !

Scare with a whisper bland  
Thy sister the East, whose breath,  
Favourite scourge of death,  
Blisters and blackens the land !

Bring us a double boon  
Earned by such drear delay ;  
Restore the poet's May,  
The ancient glory of June !

Rending the envious mouth  
Of thy meridian cave,  
Over the welcoming wave  
Haste, O wind of the South !



## SNOW-FANCIES.

FLAKES that fall in my lady's sight,  
Tell me what shape in her dreams ye wear !  
Petals that drop from the blossoms of light ?  
Or pluméd steps of an angel-stair ?

Like to ye, crystals daintily white,  
Thoughts must be such a brain will hold :  
Like to ye too would I have them bright,  
Gracious, pitiful—all but cold !

Over the future harvest-field  
As ye hover with fostering care,  
Counsel her heart with its ruth to shield  
Germs of love if they harbour there !

And as your dense veil shroudeth over  
Earth's dark face from the radiant skies,  
Pray her to let my deep love cover  
Flaw and stain from her piercing eyes !

Drawn by the sun to a reachless height,  
Ye whom the shallow and sluice exhale,  
Bathe in alembics of air and light,  
And pass transfigured in virgin mail :

May not the soul which her beauty wins  
From wonted level and gross ambition,  
Doffing the robe of its earthly sins,  
Emerge white-winged from its heaven of  
vision ?

1858.





## THE CHAUNT OF THE HILLS.

WEARIED with city-toils and modern cares,  
I journeyed to the hills, intent to breathe  
The spell of old-world calm and lonely ease.  
With eyes unpurged I gazed upon their forms,  
Dome, ridge and foreland stretched like giants  
prone,  
Deaf boulders heedless of the fugitive paths,  
Rigid rock-fingers dropping silver brooks;  
And fell to envy of their passive strength,  
Absolute freedom, unabashed repose.  
Haunted by no unreachable ideal,  
Struggling with no intolerable load,  
Branded with no inexpressible shame,  
Who could be other than wise and innocent?  
Despite our vaunted dower of consciousness.  
What is our gain commensured with our loss?  
And while I pondered, lo! a shudder crept  
Like fire from base to crest, from pass to pass,  
Trembled along the chain, and swelled to  
sound;

Crag vibrating to crag, vale echoing vale ;  
The brooks a murmur and the heath a sigh :  
Till the accord of mingling voices shaped  
A rough slow chaunt that drowned my querulous thought.

“Thou, Nature’s youngest offspring, dost complain  
That we should rest who have not ceased to toil  
Since Earth upheaved us in volcanic pain,  
Millenniums ere thine ancients trod the soil ?

“Is it no task to spear the herds of mist  
That float above us, draw them into caves,  
Dissolve in streams, and loosen as we list  
To freshen desert lands or swell the waves ?

“To stable and set free Air’s winged steeds  
That fan thy fetid cities ; cleave our rocks  
Which teem with lode and quarry for thy needs,  
And clothe our slopes with pasture for thy flocks ?

“To frame fit soils where humbler lives may  
haunt,  
Stone-clefts for nestling, sand for burrowing;  
To choose fresh herbage for each varying want,  
For bees wild thyme, for blackcock fern and  
ling ?

“Have we no aim who stand as bastion-walls  
'Gainst flood and whirlwind for the fruitful  
plains ;  
Ridges disparting countless waterfalls,  
Doling out winter snows and summer rains ?

“Who stablish barriers betwixt alien folk,  
Fencing new lies from virtues old and true ;  
Harbours of refuge from the social yoke,  
And schools of hardihood for thought and  
thew ?

“Serve we no use who when thy sires were  
rude  
Fed them with berries, sheltered them in  
caves,  
And gave our peaks for camps in time of feud,  
In time of peace for altars and for graves ?

"Who thro' the storied annals of the State  
Have fended foes by beacons on our crests,  
Held churches in our vales unconsecrate,  
And hidden patriots 'neath our craggy  
breasts ?

"And now that Man can read what God doth  
write,  
Our fossil Scripture proffers to thy faith  
Memorial tablets of the Foreworld's night,  
Earth's household chronicle of birth and  
death :

"Tablets no less recording that to-day  
The armed powers of Waste and Change  
and Life,  
Devouring waters, suns that quicken and slay,  
And splintering frosts, maintain their an-  
cient strife.

"To instance Waste in all our solid waves,  
Whose forms impute us to our parent sea,  
Our jagged fissures and stalagmite caves,  
Tombs of the Past and homes for the To-be ;

“To instance Change in cleavage or in grain,  
Granite and limestoneslabbed or crystalline;  
To furnish types thro’ Life’s unbounded reign,  
From ant to eagle, lichen unto pine ;

“To sate the artist-eye with line and mass,  
Globes in the light and in the shadow cones;  
With August’s jasper tints on heath and grass,  
Rowan and birch in April’s emerald tones :

“To brace faint nerves, to stain the sickly  
cheek :

Our high behests and purposes are these :  
Shallow and deaf his mind to whom they speak  
Of aimless labour or untroubled ease.

“’Neath starry silence or the moonless dark,  
Earth’s forces on us cease in part to press;  
But Waste and Change sleep not, and ere the  
arc  
Of Day uprises, Life renews the stress.

“So rest thou, toil-worn! So to toil arise!—  
Knowing that, while the Light irradiant  
here

Centres the universe, no spot outlies  
Duty's o'er-arching under-curving sphere!”

1866.



## TO ROME

## I.

## THE CRY OF THE PAST.

"GATHERED out from divers peoples, burdened  
with a common load,  
Looking for the same salvation, prodigals  
that yearn for home,  
Scorched by sun and scourged by tempest,  
footsore from the flinty road,  
Faint with vigil, fast and penance, we are  
journeying on to Rome !

"Rome, the magnet of the nations, rock  
whereon the Ark of God  
Surely resteth while the billows of Gehenna  
hiss and foam !  
We, the last of the redeemed, tread where year  
by year have trod  
All earth's chosen saints and martyrs, on  
the self-same way to Rome !

“ On her seven hills she sitteth, glory-centred  
as the sun ;  
And a voice is heard of all men under  
heaven, crying, ‘Come !  
Children of the only Mother, atoms of the  
Orbéd One,  
Lo ! I summon ye to worship at my mercy-  
seat of Rome !’

“ Oh ! to stand where saints and martyrs sealed  
their faith ’mid rites abhorr’d !  
Bow before the true God’s altar in the false  
God’s ruined dome !  
See the smiling face of Mary ! hear the Vicar  
of our Lord  
Say—‘Depart in peace, forgiven, happy  
pilgrims unto Rome !.’”

Echoes thus the chaunt of pilgrims thro’ the  
world’s mid-age of night,  
As their shadow-files move onward o’er the  
breadth of Christendom,  
Drawn by some sublime moth-madness, where  
the Church’s meteor-light  
Counterfeits with borrowed splendour the  
eternal star of Rome.



## II.

## THE CRY OF THE PRESENT.

“FROM the fruitful Lombard champaign, from  
the wild Apulian downs,  
From the double shore that echoes to the  
Mediterranean foam,  
From the palace, from the cottage, quiet ham-  
lets, busy towns,  
We the children of One Italy are marching  
on to Rome !

“Rome, betrothed to our manhood ! sacra-  
mental in our creed !  
Temple where the Latin Genius fixed its  
everlasting home !  
Awful shades of Gods and heroes glide before  
us as we speed  
With a mind of Godlike temper and a hero's  
heart to Rome.

"Cradle that alone can foster our regenerated  
youth !

Lode-star that can guide our State-ship thro'  
Revolt's infuriate foam !

From the Eagle's restless talon, from the Boar-  
Wolf's \* savage tooth,

'Tis a nation's tower of refuge that we go  
to find in Rome.

"Every stone we tread is precious, 'tis a jewel  
for her brow :

Every city plants a column in the vast Im-  
perial dome :

Fairest Florence veils her beauty, proudest  
Genoa bendeth low,

Crying—'Italy our Mother, and our Elder  
Sister, Rome!' "

---

\* *Porcolovo*, a popular Venetian epithet for the Austrian Emperor.

Shouting thus to-day, the children of the  
Italian soil and sun

Onward with reverseless footsteps and un-  
baffled purpose come.

Grant them, God! a people's birthright: they  
are brothers; make them one;

Let them crown their Mother's Queenhood  
where her throne is set in Rome!

1861.



## THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

BESIDE the Eternal City's ruined wall

He fitly sleeps. The soaring spirit of life  
Which strove in each and burst its mortal  
thrall,  
Hath left a kindred record of the strife.

Cestius, whose Pagan pyramid of stone

O'erlooks the Christian mound, would not  
disdain

Such fellowship. All faiths were set at one,  
As by Death's balance, in this poet's brain.

Reared with the shards of amphoræ designed

For nobler use, Testaccio's rugged mount  
Matches a slope of graves where lie enshrined  
Rare vessels "loosed" and "broken at the  
fount."

And rarer none than his who, loosed from toil,  
Deeming he left a water-written name,\*  
Rests 'neath the flowers he felt.† Tho' sky  
and soil  
Be alien, these are English as his fame ;

Hearts-ease, for which he living sought in vain,  
And white vale-lilies, Nature's Greek ideal,  
His art's long dream, his life's brief toil to  
attain :  
Haply for him some heaven hath made it  
real.

1872.



---

\* " Here lies one whose name was writ in water.

† " I feel the flowers growing over me."

## SHAKESPERE'S CURSE.

IN crude vainglorious youth I scoffed

To hear the poet sing :

“Soothe with thy Art-Elysium

The ennui of a king !

But to what spirit that toils and weeps

Canst thou nepenthe bring ?”

\* \* \* \* \*

As dreams will have it, in Stratford Church

I watch when the moon is high :

Waves of light o'erflowing the brink

Of the window-tracery

Bathe in glory a sculptured shape

Standing the chancel by.

And the graven tablet seems to sound  
    With a herald's clarion-tones ;  
Rising to shout its promise of "*Blest*  
    *Be he y<sup>t</sup> spares thes stones,*"  
Falling to mutter its menace of "*Curst*  
    *Be he y<sup>t</sup> moves my bones.*"

" You mouth the prophet well," scoff I,  
    " As any actor can :  
Ah! an 'immortal dreamer' rots  
    Like any mortal man.  
It were a dainty jest, methinks,  
    If one should tempt the ban."

Lo! as I speak, the vaults unclose !  
    And I descend to see  
Lidless coffin and cerements loose :  
    I bend a mocking knee ;  
I scatter the sacred dust :—I rise  
    With the chill of a curse on me!

In a trance of pain I feel the loss  
Of a presence that may not stay ;  
As though the twilight-veil of Life  
From its face had shrunk away,  
And thrust at once on my aching eyes  
The nakedness of day.

Roused by the sharp grey gleam of dawn,  
I pass through the open door ;  
Scaring with frowns the senseless play  
Of a child, who fleeth before  
As though he had seen the spirit that stalked  
On the tower of Elsinore.

My hearth is drear : *her* voice rings false,  
Her spousal kiss is cold :  
Strange that our chaunted marriage-vows  
Are scarce a twelvemonth old !  
Meseems the circlet on her hand  
Is only fairy gold !



I scan my neighbour at the mart  
With an alien sceptic eye :  
Why should I trust his life-long fame ?  
A saint may cheat and lie :  
And, as that sidelong glance betrays,  
He doubts not less than I.

Is this my curse, and must the names  
Of child and friend and wife  
Grate like rock-bells ringing above  
The foam of social strife  
Harsh memorial knells to me  
Of a wrecked and drifting life ?

I shun the unlovely human face  
As Timon fled of yore—  
Ye Heavens! my tyrant's memories  
Will haunt me evermore!—  
But read the story of my curse  
Hath travelled on before.

The sea he sang is a sheet of brine ;  
His mountains are granite and lime ;  
The stones he heard forget to teach ;  
The angel-orbs to chime ;  
The elves in the forest dance no more  
To the nightingale throbbing time.

Homeless as Lear in shine or storm,  
I hurry o'er sea and land ;  
But every living or lifeless thing  
Hath eyes to see my brand,  
And the broken chain of sympathy  
Doth dangle in my hand.

At eve I am resting weary feet  
Beside a silent stream :  
Shadowy outlines throng its banks,  
Dark in the white moonbeam ;  
I know them all for the deathless shapes  
Carved in that poet's dream !

And he the Archimage, is there,

A lordlier Prospero !

I hide my face from his wronged eyes,

Yet, at his sign, I know

That through my frame the legioned ghosts

Go wandering to and fro.

Caught in their unfelt grasp, I seem

Selfless, passive, and dead :

A body that lives to joy and pain,

And thrills with hope or dread,

But is all divorced from its proper soul,

And spectre-tenanted.

Filled with the Moor's great love, I speak,

And one heart listeneth ;

Quiver to see her crystal fame

Blurred at Iago's breath ;

Leap to slaughter with wild revenge,

With fierce remorse to death.

As pale Macbeth, I quench the flame  
Of an anointed life :  
Shylock, I clutch my ready scales,  
And whet my glittering knife :  
Mine is Iachimo's Southern gaze  
On the stainless Northern wife.

And, of my phantom-denizens  
The strangest and the last,  
Into my shuddering brain I feel  
The Wizard's soul hath past,  
And on the thin tube of my lips  
Soundeth a trumpet-blast.

"One power God gives man or denies  
To poise the scales of fate ;  
Without it kings look meanlier clad  
Than beggars at their gate :  
With it the beggars count their rags  
Richer than robes of state.

" Unchained by Space and Time, it spans

The gulf 'tween stones and stars ;

Awakes the spheric chime for ears

On which earth's harp-string jars ;

And fatal light from tender eyes

With silver mist debars.

" A shaping force, it doth beget

In Nature's large embrace

A presence which creates anew

Its mother's plastic face,

And hides each dark deformity

With colour and with grace :

" Which tunes the victim's wail, and brims

The pathos in his eyes :

A lowly Right in sordid garb

With sunlight glorifies,

And masses shade of midnight-clouds

On a gorgeous Wrong's disguise :

“ Whose Janus-eyes prolong the past,  
And bring the future near ;  
Surprise with sudden gleams of Heaven  
Lids that were closed in fear ;  
Reflect the rainbow and reveal  
A prism in every tear :

“ Whose alchemy to the hoary world  
Promises youth again :  
With Nature's ore, the iron of Fate,  
And the rusted coin of Men,  
Shards of the broken Now, it moulds  
A sphere of the golden THEN.”

The voice hath ceased, my trance is o'er :  
My waking gaze doth rest  
Upon an open page, and lo !  
The sum of all expressed :  
“ I callèd thee to curse, and thou  
Hast altogether blessed ! ”

## EMPEDOCLES.

## I.

UPON the plain 'neath Ætna's brow,

Beside the Midland Sea,

A prophet hushed a multitude:

"The Cosmos unto me

Lies veilles, and the forms that seem

Hide not the forms that be.

"To me the elemental Four,

The roots of things are clear;

Love's force to bind, Hate's force to part,

Twin rulers of the sphere,

I know their essence, and can teach

To whomso wills to hear.

“Happy who hears and learns! For him

• The lightning has no dread;

Marsh-mist and fever pass him by,

Though all around lie dead :

Evil and Age, pale tyrants, cower

Before his lifted head.”

Night found the prophet on the ridge

Round Ætna’s crater-fire;

Silent awhile to watch the flames

In fitful bursts aspire;

Hymning anon as fitfully

This swan-song to his lyre :

“For the last time, imperious force!

Thou callest me to see

How urgently the heart of Earth

Doth find a vent in thee,

Constraining me as Man to voice

This dumb Humanity.



" Thus have I spoken, knowing well  
Through me the Infinite  
Hath spoken, and 'gainst every foe  
Have I upheld the right,  
As Ætna hurls her burning spears  
Athwart the blackest night.

" But lest the petty needs of life,  
And common fate should be  
Food for the scorn of foes, and Truth  
Repent her choice of me,  
Take me, ye Gods, before my time !  
Ætna, I come to thee !"

The depths received him. Nevermore  
The prophet trod the plain.  
True to his hope, the orphaned crowd  
Sought for its sire in vain,  
And words long harvested renewed  
Their autumn in each brain.

Then foeman echoed friend—"He sways  
Olympian courts anew :  
Who could not pierce his mortal guise ?"  
The Ætna heard, and threw  
Its answer infidel and grim—  
A mortal's brazen shoe.

## II.

Did that unfaltering cry declare  
A lying oracle ?  
Say rather that his narrow sense,  
Filled by a single bell,  
Caught not the chime its unit-tongue  
Lent but a tone to swell.

Earth speaks her will in many tongues :  
Through all her pulses shoot  
Electric thrills of sympathy :  
No noises of dispute  
Drown any voice : when Ætna speaks,  
Vesuvius is mute.

One saith—"Plant mountains in mid-air,

And islands in the main!"

Another—"On dense cities pour

Torrents of scorching rain!"

Creation's fiat soundeth there;

Here Chaos rules again.

See how these prophets of the Earth,—

Their words in open war,

Their souls in secret unity,—

Unheeding that they jar,

Resign the harmony to Her

Whose ministers they are!

Can *we* not trust the Truth we preach?

We speak but as we see,

One aspect from one attitude;—

And it behoveth thee

To cry, Eureka! where is nought

But barren mist to me.

## TWENTY-ONE.\*

To-DAY a Man ! I enter Life,  
And note on either hand  
How the white chapels of new sects  
By grey cathedrals stand ;  
And senate-houses built in stone  
By palaces in sand.

Brothers ! I ask my right to pass  
Through every open door,  
To span the girth of this thin shaft,  
And test that creaking floor,  
Search out yon dark recess, and lift  
The veil that hangs before.

---

\* In Mr. Walter Thornbury's "Two Centuries of Song," (1867)  
these verses have been ascribed by mistake to Mr. Charles Kent.

I ask, when image-vendors come,  
And press some hero's claim,  
My right to know if he hath won  
And how deserved his fame :  
Then 'mong my Lares, if I will,  
Refuse to class his name.

From childhood's long-lost innocence  
To God's far-distant shrine,  
Some journey by the banks of Nile,  
Between the unbroken line  
Of Sphinxes linking fane to fane :\*  
That life-path may be mine.

If, with stunned sense and blistered feet,  
I fall where I should stand ;  
If, in vain rage and fool's despair,  
I strike my clenched hand  
Into the dumbest blankest face  
Among that solemn band,

---

\* "At the river's edge there stand the huge walls of Amunothph's temple of Luxor. . . . Thence runs an avenue of Sphinxes up to the large temple of Karnak."—*Sharpe's Egypt*, vol. i. p. 70.

And madly strive to rend apart  
Its calm unpitying lips :—  
Let be ! Tumultuous auguries  
Of Nature's last eclipse  
Herald from each man's Sinai  
His Law's apocalypse.

Yet if it might be, I would choose  
That in my listening brain  
The thunder-voicèd mysteries  
Should breathe a peaceful strain,  
And find my vibrant heart attuned  
To echo the refrain.

God knoweth. May He grant that I  
Shall at the last attain,  
If painfully o'er rugged rocks,  
Or gently, through the plain,  
The worthiest goal of every man,  
To be a child again.



## WITH FLOWERS.

THE mystic language that ye speak,  
O sacred sisterhood ! is clear  
To her I greet, and yet, in fear  
Your fullest words are all too weak  
To ease my burdened heart, I send  
A song that knows its every beat ;  
If harsh from earnestness, oh ! blend  
The music of your breath and make the  
discord sweet !

White lilies clustered round the queen !  
The vestal thoughts that rest or move  
About the crownèd soul I love  
Are faintly figured in your mien :  
Mix with them, should my vision stray  
Dark o'er her memory's fair expanse,  
Recall old tales of spring, and say,  
" We have known earthlings soar, winged  
by their magic trance."

Queenliest of all thy royal race !

O not less dear to Love than snow

Dawn-flushed, as imaging the glow

Which passion lends to virgin grace !

Thou fittest envoy to convey

My costliest trust ! Beside her cheek

Whisper, " I heard the giver say,

My gift, a ' maiden's blush,' is all the thanks

I seek."

1857.





## ON ST. AGNES' EVE.

DREAM on St. Agnes' Eve, O maiden bright !  
 Orb in a full ideal thy crescent life ;  
 From memories of the true, the fair, the right,  
 Of all the love wherein God's world is rife,  
 Of the day's sunshine and the peace of night,  
 Draw thine own picture of a happy wife !

I have a pictured future too for thee :  
 Oh ! that our dreamlands lay no more apart !  
 If on this eve some gracious phantasy  
 Should blend them in one aspect, bid thy  
 heart  
 Accept the prophecy ! oh, let me be  
 Myself the artist, and my love the art !

## IF.

IF we were in love, Kate, you and I—  
 (It must be admitted, a cool pretence  
 That exalts my nothingness far too high  
 At the cost of your delicate taste and sense;  
 But fancies which cannot be realised  
 'Tis often extremely pleasant to dream;  
 So quit for a moment, with this premised,  
 The sober "we are" for the glowing "we  
 seem.")

If we were in love, Kate, you and I  
 Would shrieve one another every day;  
 Hiding no speck from each faithful eye,  
 Holding back nothing we dared not say.  
 Or if, when shriven, our lips should move,  
 Conscious that something was unconfessed,  
 'Twould be that in sounding the deeps of Love,  
 As yet our plummets could find no rest.

If we were in love, Kate, I should learn  
The form and hues of as pure a dream  
As though you had quaffed from an Indian urn\*  
Some infant-spirit within the stream.  
How many a time would you pledge your faith,  
Yet ask me never a counter-troth;  
Heartily trusting for life and death  
The untried strength of a single oath!

If we were in love, Kate, I to you  
Would tell of my perilous 'scapes at sea,  
Imminent shipwrecks, when Heaven threw  
Your silken cables to rescue me.  
Ah! so I remember in southern France  
A rock o'erhanging the Midland main,  
Where the tost mariner's upward glance  
Rests on "Our Lady of Safety's" fane.

---

\* "The North American Indians, according to Chateaubriand, lay the dead bodies of their infants near some frequented fountain, in the hope that their women may drink in the fluttering souls."—*Priaulx's Quaestiones Mosaicæ*, p. 71.

If we were in love, Kate, you and I  
    Would blend in one as the flower and stem :  
I at the best but thorny and dry ;  
    Worthless but for my diadem,  
A crimson bell with a honied heart,  
    Curving your petals my flaws to hide :  
Alien-natured, we could not part,  
    Drawing our life from the self-same tide.

If we were in love, Kate, I should say  
    All that seemed good to my wild caprice :  
Hints that I dare not intrude to-day  
    You would take with a smile in those  
        Kalends of Greece :  
Fashions and codes that affright e'en you  
    Must yield when the lips of Sir Oracle move,  
And I might attain to a kiss or two—  
    Nay, I but said *if* we were in love.

Doubtless mine is a wayward brain,  
Haply 'tis time that my dream were done,  
And we must be cold to each other again :—  
Tears ?—Ah ! dearest, the jesting tone  
But sparkled relief to my laden sprite,  
But winged the shaft to the mark it clove :  
The dream has merged into true daylight,  
Blessedly true, now we are in love !

1856.



## CUPID UPON COKE.

My neighbour's house hath lowering eaves,  
And where the rafters intersect,  
Its yearly nest securely weaves  
One daring swallow-architect.  
My neighbour with his lawyer's eye  
Long time ago the trespass saw,  
But knew an action would not lie :  
Possession is nine points of law.

Beneath those eaves, rose-clusters frame  
The sweet dream-picture of a maid,  
Who comes, as but this morn she came,  
Drawing aside her lattice-shade,  
To feed her swallow, smile on me.  
Ah ! till that moment when she stands  
Alms-dropping, how we yearn to see,  
I and that bird, her lips, her hands !

Beneath the eaves of her pure breast,  
Trespassing on its still domain,  
My image dares to make its nest :

How could it ever entrance gain ?  
Amid such alien innocence

How must it dwell in restless awe !  
O swallow ! cheer my troubled sense !  
Possession is nine points of law.

Be all my fortunes fair as thine !

The careful eye that surely sees  
Thy trespass, must discover mine.

That dragon of the Hesperides,  
The lawyer watching o'er his ward,  
Has lost one talon of his claw,  
And yet may find his action barred :  
Possession is nine points of law.



## FROM NAPLES TO PÆSTUM.

TO THE BARON —.

OFTEN I wonder, dear Baron, if you,  
Who, serving the Czar abroad or at home,  
Must have more than enough on your hands  
to do—

(Envoy at Constantinople or Rome,  
Baiting with protocols Roman or Turk,  
Or Cossack-colonel, ahead of your men,  
Hunting Caucasian rebels, who lurk,  
With rifles cocked, in some mountain-glen,  
Purposed your leg should receive an addition  
To the couple of bullets already there)—

If you, the soldier and politician,  
A leisure moment can ever spare  
To recall the journey we made together  
From Naples round the Salernitan bay,  
In three bright days of Italian weather,  
Seven years since, if we live till May.



We had met, you remember, in Rome, and tried

· A passage of logic, but half in play,

Each to keep up his national pride

On the eve of the great Crimean fray.

Choleric, frank, and strong, your spirit

In its sturdy, rubicund, crisp-haired shrine—

Though I doubt not your serfs would marvel  
to hear it—

As a fellow-voyager's suited mine.

So encountering now in a Naples street

And finding our plans in unison,

We settled a time and a place to meet,

And started, in short, next day but one.

Poised upon steam-wings, swiftly we

Out of the City of Sunshine passed

Beside white villas and purple sea,

Into the shadow Vesuvius cast

From its lava grave-slopes, fed for years

Upon human blood whose distillation .

Ever the Christ-vine drips in tears.

Alighting at Castellamare station,

And choosing one guide from at least a score  
Who awaited their prey with hungry eyes,  
We followed the trail of the serpent-shore  
Into Sorrento's paradise.

Four Sorrentini, sinewy-armed,  
Rowed us across to Capri. Each  
Twenty Campanian suns had warmed  
Into an animal dowered with speech,  
Beauty and passions, but scarcely soul.  
Oh ! how unlike to my hearts of oak,  
All seated soberly, cheek by jowl,  
Pulling together one rhythmic stroke,  
Was that half-civilised madcap crew !  
Starting up now with a shout of thunder,  
They darted along like lightning through  
Wave-clouds riven in storm asunder :  
Then on a sudden, each listless arm  
Wearily dropped on its silent oar,  
And the boat lay still on a couch of calm :  
Next moment the sea was as rough as before ;

Flogged into rage amid deafening cries  
 Of "Coraggio! vin'! macaroni! vin'!"  
 Till there must have seemed to a landsman's  
     eyes  
 A tide in the tideless Midterrene.

Nothing of all Mr. Murray's lore  
 Touching the pious and wicked Tiberius,  
 His Spintrian coins, and a great deal more  
     Equally classic and deleterious;  
 Not even the grottoes, blue and green,  
     Nor the nymphs of the island who flocked  
         to see us,  
 Cling to my memory like one scene  
     Wherein you figured as coryphæus;  
 When thinking scorn of the tarantelle  
     Specially danced for our delectation,  
 You seized the hand of a peasant belle,  
     And performed an extempore variation.

To Castellamare at night retreating,  
     Soundly we slept, and roundly you

Swore next morn at the landlord's cheating,

And, what was better, resisted too.

Then we and the sun upclomb together

Over St. Angelo's wrinkled brow ;

Its wreath of mist like an eider's feather

Fluttering down to the glen below,

And its shaggy locks of chestnut and pine

Parting aside to let us by.

Far beneath us, the white foam-line

Edged, like a rim of ivory

On a sapphire chalice, Salerno's bay ;

And hollowed deep in the mountain's breast,

Torrent-guarded, Amalfi lay.

Still, though shattered, a sea-bird's nest !

Little the marvel that fledging there,

Safe from the tempest, but bare to the breeze,

The wings of her navy grew strong to dare

A tireless flight over Orient seas !

Taking the Cornice-road, we strolled—

By sea-slopes chequered with emerald vine,

Orange-fields spreading their cloth of gold,  
Enamelled carouba and burnished pine—  
On to Salerno.

But there, to our sorrow—  
The churlish impatience of time and tide  
Condemning us, absent beyond the morrow,  
To forfeit a steamer—we could not abide.  
Pæstum we would not sacrifice,  
Though a day's journey: The stern dilemma  
We solved by consenting to risk the price  
Charged for night's lodging by dame  
Maremma.

Our host of Salerno thought us mad,  
And lent us a car as it were a hearse;  
A vehicle less obtrusively bad  
By as much as the steeds were palpably  
worse,  
Impotent hybrids of want and sloth :  
The vetturino, 'tis fair to say,  
Taking in squalor the *pas* of both :  
Thus accoutred, we drove on our way.

Ere we had journeyed a mile or twain,  
The golden brush of the dying Day  
Moved on its sky-palette once again ;  
And lo ! transfigured the landscape lay.  
The horizon-gardens, south and west,  
Blossomed with violet, lilac, rose ;  
Monte Alburno's dusky breast  
Was whitened at once with millennial snows ;  
The utmost Appenine's hoary range  
Had borrowed the sable mane of night ;  
The sea-bride of heaven had dared to change  
Her sapphirine ring for chrysolite.

But as we approached the Silarus' bank,  
The world awoke from its colour-trance ;  
A rare star glimmered, the offing shrank,  
And the marsh was gay with the fireflies'  
dance.  
Then passing the ferry, our slow wheels rolled  
'Neath purpling skies, 'mid thicket and  
swamp,

Where fierce-eyed sentinel dogs patrolled  
The buffalo-army's pasture-camp.

At the "English Restorer's" libellous shed,  
You—for my hands were itching to wreak  
A patriot's vengeance—procured us a bed ;  
Dislodging a priest, unclean but meek,  
One of its tenants. Of those who kept there,  
Unclean and unmeek, reserved for slaughter,  
I shudder to think. Enough, we slept there,  
And awaking at four, gave thanks for water.

Silent, we heard from each Memnon-fane :  
"The sun of Hellas hath touched my stones  
In the dawn of the world, to an ordered strain  
On the infinite scale of Number-tones :  
My shafts with the mountains aspirant chime ;  
The champaign blends with my level base ;  
I move with the equable pulse of Time ;  
I rest with the constant orbs in Space."

We departed in awe. Why blush to avow  
That then, with a seven-years' longer tether,

We felt not a pang, as we might do now,  
When the solemn and ludicrous jostled  
together ?

This the occasion. Our horses stumbled  
At a curve of the road, o'er a loose-lying stone,  
Whereby, without warning or grace, we  
tumbled

Over their heads and upon our own.  
Turning his back upon us, unheeding  
My loud laughter or your loud oaths,  
The driver, who fancied their knees were  
bleeding,

Shrieked "Son morti !" and rent his clothes.  
'Twas a scene where the pencil of Leech  
would revel,

But only an artist in words could show  
The warmth of your urgent appeals to the  
Devil :

I more than half feared he'd emerge from  
below.



Onward by wilderness, farm and village,  
Poplar-avenues, forests of pine,  
Acres of pasturage, patches of tillage,  
Miles of olive and leagues of vine ;  
The villas that sleep on Vietri's breast,  
Watched by the lone Gridatori-towers ;  
Lofty Nocera's citadel-crest ;  
Cava's monastic chestnut-bowers.  
Then, ere the wings of our travel furled,  
We went on a reverent pilgrimage  
Where the dim Pompeian underworld  
Embalms the corpse of the classic age.

Upon Naples quay, at the "Russie" door,  
I shook your hand, and I went my way  
Out of your vision for evermore :  
Out of your memory also ? Say,  
Have you quite forgotten our journey together  
From Naples round the Salernitan bay,  
In three bright days of Italian weather,  
Seven years since, if we live till May ?

## THE BANQUET OF LIFE.

*(Neo-Pagan Poet loq.)*

THE couches are set by the banquet-board,  
 Spread under roses in sight of the sea ;  
 The fruits are gathered, the wine is poured :  
 Who will sit down to the revel with me ?  
 Follow me, youths ! nor maidens linger !—  
 Yonder's the portal where, fronting the sky,  
 A Scriptural text is inscribed by my finger :  
 "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Lust will join us—we call him Love ;  
 License, or Liberty—what's in a name ?  
 Mirth would be vapid with none to reprove,  
 So, for a foil, we will call in Shame :  
 Pleasure shall sit by the cynic Satiety ;  
 Egypt was subtle that bade one supply  
 A relish of death for the banquet's variety :  
 Life is our banquet—to-morrow we die !

No priest shall be there to affront our glee  
With solemn sermon or puling prayer.  
If the high Gods be, do the high Gods see?  
If the high Gods see, do the high Gods care?  
Venus, Priapus, Cotytto, Lyæus,  
These be our Gods, and their high-priest I;  
Their rites ye know, and to-night shall see us  
Fervent in worship. To-morrow we die!

Here for Lyæus are ivy and wine;  
Rocket to offer Priapus, and there  
Roses for Venus to hide or twine  
In her billowy bosom, her heavy hair.  
Yonder her apples lie, bright and mellow;  
Apples of Sodom, 'twere vain to deny;  
But the rind is ruddy, the pulp is yellow;  
To-morrow for ashes! To-morrow we die.

I too am poet. Bring flute or lyre;  
Neither is strange to me; choose ye the  
theme;  
Kisses and blood, or wine and fire,  
Lust's lewd laughter, Delight's deep dream;

That infinite burden, with infinite changes,  
The flesh—Said I infinite? Pardon the lie:  
The theme has its bounds, but how varied its  
range is!

What is not finite? To-morrow we die.

Listening to me, you may learn the skill  
To kiss red lips till they bite, to strain  
Breast unto breast till they bleed; to thrill  
Lechery's palate with stings of pain.  
Heartless, no doubt; but how hurtful a heart is  
If pleasure be baulked of a zest thereby!  
Art for Art's sake is my gospel, and Art is  
Longer than Life—for to-morrow we die.

The *ménu* this of our banquet, friends!  
Drain old vices and broach new sins.  
Youth loves dainties, and when youth ends,  
The keener gusto of age begins.  
Age ends also, and what of hereafter?  
*Credat Jūdæus!* Who knows, till we try,  
What humours a Heaven may not furnish for  
laughter,  
What sorrows a Hell, when to-morrow we die?

## THE YEAR AND THE SOUL.

PASSIONLESS snowdrops crystallize

In virgin blooms the soul's new year:

Hues of the flowering mind appear

In hyacinth bells and violet eyes:

Love crowns the heart as June's red rose:

Memory doth with the aster come,

And peace with the chrysanthemum;

A purple wane, a golden close.

---

## LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

LOVE guards its honey, like the bee,

With a sheathed weapon, Jealousy.

But once provoked its steel to prove,

As the bee dieth, dieth Love.

## COMPENSATION.

How shall we measure loss? for who can say  
 What boon that brings which seems to take  
     away?  
 The sunless miner sees the stars by day.

---

## CHRISTMAS IN CHARLESTON.

("Charleston was shelled on Christmas Day."—Telegram,  
 January 9th, 1864).

ONCE in Palestine, 't is said,  
 Angel voices overhead  
 On the morning of Christ's birth  
 Carolled "Be there peace on earth!"  
 Now, but eighteen centuries after,  
 Fiends may shout with ribald laughter—  
 'See how, fed on Christian lives,  
 Peace upon his birthday thrives!'

### LIGHT AND KNOWLEDGE.

LIGHT tries the eye as Knowledge tries the  
mind :  
Defect will darken and excess will blind.

---

### THE LAST WORDS OF ARISTOTLE.

*(Fæde in hunc mundum intravi &c.)*

UNCLEAN I entered on this mortal state,  
Have lived my life in doubt, and now depart  
In sore disquietude. O Thou, who art  
Cause of all causes, me compassionate !

---

### QUANTUM SUFFICIT.

Just enough light to find a path we hope one  
day to see ;  
Just enough love, with death in view, to make  
it bliss to be ;  
Just enough hope to trust Love's light doth  
shine our darkness o'er ;  
Just enough bliss, when life is past, to make  
us yearn for more.

## A THIRD ALTERNATIVE.

"LIFE is, to those who think, a comedy;  
 A tragedy to those who feel." Maybe:  
 Yet lacks there this to make the sentence just:  
 —An oratorio to those who trust.

---

## ON THE HEIGHTS.

As one who climbs unto the mountain's brow  
 Finds the strong head which served him on  
     the plain,  
 Dizzy and blind; the heart whose pulse was  
     low,  
 Now throbbing wildly with the upward  
     strain;  
 So fares the spirit on the heights of thought:  
     Reason, the manful, blankly stares and reels,  
 While Love, the childlike, consciously o'er-  
     wrought,  
 Cries out in anguish to the God it feels.



## AN EPITAPH.

DEAR messenger of God ! who couldst not stay  
Long in the winter of our hearts' poor home,  
But leaving us thy warmth, didst flee away  
To summer, waiting there until we come ;  
We pray of Him who bade thee here abide  
To work His will those brief and blessed  
hours,  
That in thy footsteps we may reach thy side,  
And learn new tasks from thine unfolded  
powers.



## LIFE AND DEATH.

WE live—and what is life ?

Not the mechanic pulse, the tidal breath,  
No spoils of animal beauty snatched i' the  
    strife

Which flesh doth wage with death :

Not these, but love and thought,  
    The flame-like longing of soul to blend with  
    soul,  
The arrowy swiftmess which when truth is  
    sought  
Abates not till the goal.

In a frame of cells and nerves  
    Specially wrought, we deem unseen they  
    dwell,  
Whose many-folded intricacy serves  
    To do their bidding well.

Time frays this subtle web,  
Discrowns the majesty of fleshly form,  
O'erthrows the equipoise of flow and ebb,  
And gives man to the worm.

But life, the conscious I,  
How fares it when its instrument lies mute?  
Are thought and love like music that will die  
With shattered pipe and lute?

Nay, for in sleep, the mask,  
In trance, the very counterfeit of death,  
Consciousness wakes, the mind may ply its  
task,  
Untold by pulse and breath.

If some, why may not all  
Its animal functions cease, yet life live on,  
Nor count it more to let the old robe fall  
Than a new robe to don?

'Mid pangs of tensest pain

The mind can hold itself serene, aloof ;

Is there not dual essence in a brain

Tortured, yet torture-proof ?

In nerve or cell, who knows

(For they who most prize Knowledge own  
her blind),

What atom of the bulk to which man grows

Contains the germ of mind ?

Nought by the self is known,

Save that it *is*, while all beside may *seem* ;

All bodied form, the world's frame and our own

May be a self-spun dream.

Since life cannot be kened,

That death annuls it who shall dare to say ?

The crystal stays a crystal to the end,

Divide it as we may.

Set in conditions new,  
The crystal centre may anew combine,  
Alter its mass, its purity, its hue,  
Yet still be crystalline.

May not our life thus fare ?  
Feel we no wants within its inmost core,  
Yearnings the noblest with the meanest share  
For higher, purer, more ?

Through Nature's known domain,  
Where wants have signed, their ends have  
countersigned :  
Man hath no foresight to affirm those vain  
Whose use is undefined.

The Future's infinite scope  
Lies in that Power which sowed within our  
dust  
The seed of life and can fulfil its hope :  
Why should we fear to trust ?

## ON THE SOUTH DOWNS.

O'ER the sea-ramparts where I lie,  
Built up of chalk sea-pressed and knit  
By the close turf-roots covering it,  
Swift lights and shadows chase and fly,  
Moths flit, birds travel; all but they  
Seems passing and to pass away.

Matched with the shifting sea's green waves,  
How steadfast these! And secular signs  
Are on them, deep-entrenchèd lines  
Of Roman, tracks and mounded graves  
Of Briton; yet we know their birth  
Late in the chronicle of Earth.

Shell-fragments in yon flinty case,  
This channeled slope wherein I rest—  
Curved softly like a woman's breast—  
That crumbling ledge, that sea-worn base,  
To insight have revealed the power  
Which made these walls and doth devour.

Pass we not also ? Ah ! too plain

Those graves proclaim it, and too sure

He feels it who hath seen Death's door

Half-opened, nor can taste again

That draught of happiness which erst

Life stretched to his unconscious thirst.

But who is oracle for Death ?

By whose clear witness are we taught

The spirit that hath loved and thought

Dies with the body's failing breath ?—

The same false eye of sense which told

How steadfast were the hills and old.

Insight once more refutes the tale :

Kindled by Love, the spirit's gaze,

Focussing all Hope's astral rays,

Can pierce mortality's dull veil,

And picture in the cosmic span

A happier sphere than Earth for Man.

Unproved, unprovable the creed,  
    Bridging a gulf which baffles yet  
    Brain to explore or heart forget ;  
But grounded in our common need,  
    It trusts His purpose to fulfil  
    Love's yearning who did first instil.

Moved by dim dreams to reach His eye,  
    Mutely appealed our fathers rude,  
    When on this upland solitude  
They placed their dead so near the sky ;  
    And we who love and lose to-day  
    Are haply finer-souled than they.

O gentle, kindly hills ! not less  
    But more we prize you, that we hold  
    Ourselves, albeit we seem not old,  
And wear no mask of steadfastness,  
    Heirs of a life that will not pass  
    With crumbling chalk and withering grass.



Prize we or scorn, ye still will bless ;  
Your outlines load the eye with wealth,  
Your sweet airs charm the sick to health,  
Your calm rebukes our carefulness ;  
Your very lifelessness doth give  
Zest to the knowledge that we live.

1875.



## FROM A DEATH-BED.

If Thou hast spoken, Father ! we are dumb :  
 Thy summons is life's key to loose or bind.  
 How could we linger when Thou bid'st us  
     come,  
 Tho' 'twere to leave the universe behind ?

We may not prove Thy perfect Will in all ;  
 So much we know is good, the rest we trust ;  
 And most in this, that Thou wilt not let fall  
     The tiniest gem that rescues us from dust.

A gem ! Alas ! Thou seest and we know  
     Of our inherited talisman remains  
 How poor a fragment ; of its ancient glow  
     How faint and pale the lustre it retains.

Dimmed with neglect and flawed with conscious blame,  
 If yet one facet may refract Thy light,  
 Oh ! grave anew and shape for nobler aim  
 A prism not all unlovely in Thy sight !

For the clear rays that spirit-lustre threw,  
Which ruinous ways and lurking snares revealed ;  
For Beauty's palace-key, Truth's labyrinth-clue,  
Here, rendering back Thy gift, our thanks  
we yield.

For Spring's inspiring breath and tenderest  
sheen,  
Summer's deep-fountained life in wood and  
field,  
Ripe-tinted Autumn, Winter frank and keen,  
On our last year's last day, our thanks we  
yield.

For spiritual wine and mental bread,  
Heart-music and communion at the board,  
O thanked too seldom while enjoyment sped,  
Here at life's banquet-close, we thank thee,  
Lord !

The close! but lingering on the dolorous words,  
The heart bewails its music's banishment;  
The undiminished tension of its chords  
Pleading for audience till their force be spent.

Thy first and latest grace is Love's dear chime,  
The life of life 'twere death of death to lose;  
Youth's carol-burst, Man's pæan in his prime,  
The psalm of age, the dirge of these adieus.

The hearts like Christ's that most intensely  
beat,  
Have felt their music vibrate 'neath Thy  
touch,  
Nor feared that having found the tune so sweet,  
In craving symphony they asked too much.

If the strong yearning of the spirit to live,  
That its divine may yield diviner tone,  
Be the last cheat of selfishness—forgive!  
If inspiration, Thou wilt not disown.

So, stayed on Love, we sleep : Adieu to Earth !

Adieu for Heaven in whatsoever star :

Wake us to higher service, truer worth,

There where Thou art, and our beloved are !

1866.



## TO LOVE.

"We may rather love God than either know Him or utter Him in speech."—*Pico della Mirandola*.

## I.

CARDINAL Force of the spheres, which Hellas,  
     true to her instinct,  
     Ruler herself over mind, charmer herself by  
     desire,  
 Threading the cosmic scheme, divined as the  
     ruler of Chaos,  
     First of Immortals and eke fountain of mortal  
     desire;  
 We who have fed on her thoughts but spurned  
     her worship as idle,  
     Israel's holier faith swaying our souls to its  
     spell,  
 Now if constrained to behold the fane that we  
     deemed adamantine  
     Reel in the earthquake of doubt, sadly consent  
     to its fall;

Yearning no less to enshrine some ray of the  
Presence around us,

Turn unto Hellas again, muse on her visions  
of Thee !

Fixed, if all else be unsure, in the depths of  
human emotion,

We that have found Thee and proved, shall  
we not dare to revere ?

## II.

Power not born of himself Man finds in earth  
and in heaven,

Set in whose infinite scope twinkles the  
spark of his life ;

Power at one with itself which shapes its  
purpose in secret ;

Fashions a mist into globes, orders their  
voyage in space ;

Tempering age after age the shell of one as it  
hardens,

Parts into ocean and land hoarded with  
metal and gem ;

Clothes with vesture and life, assigning each  
unto other,

Kind opposes to kind, balancing need and  
excess ;

Fits the domain for his use and moulds his  
frame for its lordship,

Dowered with brain to devise, sinews and  
nerves to achieve :

Power that he cannot control, whereon his  
being reposes ;

Happiness, riches and health staking on  
seasons and tides :

Power that a moment withheld would leave  
him slave to his servants,

Crushed by the weight of the air, choked  
by the poison of flowers.


Cavil and doubt as he may of causes, purpose  
and fitness,

Bliss is the fruit that he eats, Love is his  
name for its root.



## III.

Power he feels in himself akin to the Power  
without him,  
Radiance of light and of heat shed from an  
infinite sphere ;  
Human, yet stronger than man, that shapes  
its purpose in secret :  
Gathers two lives from a crowd, merges their  
courses in one ;  
Capturing sense by sense and linking spirit to  
spirit,  
Charms the desire with truth, flatters the  
fancy with dreams ;  
Fining unlikeness away till each has found in  
the other  
Fullness compensating want, leaving no  
discord untuned ;  
Plants their content in a home round whose  
deep-rooted affections  
Fibres of infantine trust twine and retwine  
with the years :



Power that centred in home expands to tribe  
and to nation,

Stretching its links till the chain circles the  
realm of mankind ;

Power evoked by a touch, a cry, the song of  
a minstrel,

Kindling the eyes of a throng, thrilling the  
heart of a race :

Now the swift chariot of fire, the martyr's  
moment of rapture ;

Now the Evangelist's lamp lighting long  
vigils of toil :

Ever the noblest intent, the uttermost leap  
of the spirit,

Ever 'neath tropic or pole sacred to all men  
as Love.

## IV.

Ultimate Essence and Type of the best that  
gladdens and greatens,

Drawn from the circling un-Self, stored in  
the Ego we know ;

Linked to the semblance at least of a Will that,  
since it environs,

Cannot be less than man's own, cannot be  
deaf to his cry ;

Love! we are bold to believe that Thou art  
and may'st be entreated !

Where if Thy shelter should fail, homeless  
on earth could we turn ?

Dark though to us-ward Thy ways too often  
appear and we know not


Whether Thy purpose be foiled, whether  
our vision be dim,

Still is the sway of Thy stream 'mid the force-  
tides ebbing and flowing

Hidden from reason alone, clear to the con-  
science and heart ;

Still Thou resolvest the doubt when our  
motives poise in the balance ;

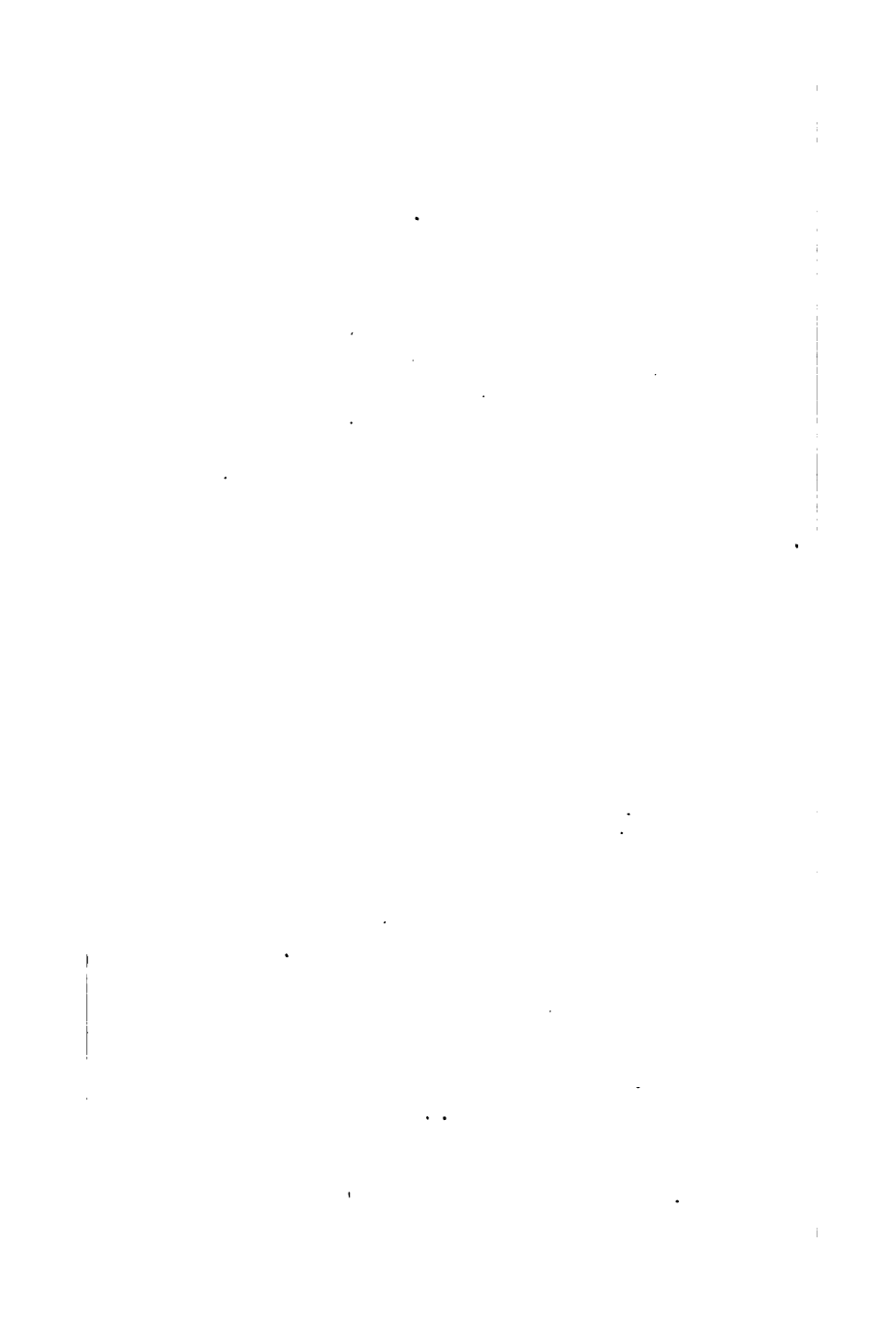
Still in the midnight of gloom feel we Thy  
presence is near :



Force if we name Thee, or God, imports not so  
that we find Thee,  
Live in the light of Thy smile, die in the  
faith of Thy life !

1876.

THE END.





\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_





the 1990s, the number of people with a diagnosis of schizophrenia has increased in the United Kingdom (Meltzer 1997). The prevalence of schizophrenia in the United Kingdom is estimated to be 1.2% (Meltzer 1997).

There is a growing awareness of the need to improve the quality of life of people with mental health problems (Department of Health 1999). The Department of Health has set out a vision for the future of mental health services in the United Kingdom, which is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management (Department of Health 1999). The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems.

The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems.

The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems.

The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems.

The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems. The vision is to create a mental health system that is based on the principles of recovery, self-help, and self-management, and that is able to meet the needs of people with mental health problems.

